

Adri. Backe slauē, or I will breake thy pate a-crosse.
Dro. And he will blesse y^e crosse with other beating:
 Betwene you, I shall haue a holy head.

Adri. Hence prating pesant, fetch thy Master home.

Dro. Am I so round with you, as you with me,
 That like a foot-ball you doe spurne me thus:
 You spurne me hence, and he will spurne me hither,
 If I last in this seruice, you must case me in leather.

Luci. Fie how impatience lowreth in your face.

Adri. His company must do his minions grace,
 Whil'st I at home statue for a merrie looke:

Hath homelie age th'alluring beauty tooke
 From my poore cheekes? then he hath wasted it.
 Are my discourtes dull? Barten my wit,

If voluble and sharpe discourse be mar'd,
 Vnkindnesse blunts it more then marble hard.
 Doe their gay vestments his affections baite?

That's not my fault, hee's master of my state.

What ruines are in me that can be found,
 By him not ruin'd? Then is he the ground

Of my defeatures. My decayed faire,
 A sunnie looke of his, would soone repaire.

But, too vnruely Deere, he breakes the pale,
 And feedes from home; poore I am but his stale.

Luci. Selfe-harming lealouise; fie beat it hence.

Ad. Vnfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispence:

I know his eye doth homage other-where,
 Or else, what lets it but he would be here?

Sister, you know he promis'd me a chaine,
 Would that alone, a loue he would detain,

So he would keepe faire quarter with his bed:
 I see the Jewell best enamell'd

Will loose his beautie: yet the gold bides still
 That others touch, and often touching will,

Where gold and no man that hath a name,
 By falshood and corruption doth it shame:

Since that my beautie cannot please his eie,
 He weepe (what's left away) and weeping die.

Luci. How manie fond, fooles serue mad lealouise?

Exit.

Enter Antipholus Errotis.

Ant. The gold I gaue to *Dromio* is laid vp

Safe at the *Centaur*, and the heedfull slauē

Is wandred forth in care to seeke me out
 By computation and mine host's report.

I could not speake with *Dromio*, since at first
 I sent him from the Mart? see here he comes.

Enter Dromio Siracusa.

How now sir, is your merrie humor alter'd?

As you loue stroakes, so iest with me againe:

You know no *Centaur*? you receiue no gold?

Your Mistresse sent to haue me home to dinner?

My house was at the *Phoenix*? Wast thou mad,

That thus so madlie thou didst answere me?

S.Dro. What answer sir? when spake I such a word?

E.Ant. Euen now, euen here, not halfe an howre since.

S.Dro. I did not see you since you sent me hence

Home to the *Centaur* with the gold you gaue me.

Ant. Villaine, thou didst denie the golds receit,

And toldst me of a Mistresse, and a dinner,

For which I hope thou feltst I was displeas'd.

S.Dro. I am glad to see you in this merrie yaine,

What meanes this iest, I pray you Master tell me?

Ant. Yea, dost thou iere & flowt me in the teeth?

Thinkst y^e I iest? hold, take thou that, & that. *Beats Dro.*

S.Dro. Hold sir, for Gods sake, now your iest is earnest,

Vpon what bargaine do you giue it me?

Antiph. Because that I familiarie sometimes

Doe vse you for my foole, and chat with you,

Your sawcinesse will iest vpon my loue,

And make a Common of my serious howres,

When the sunne shines, let foolish gnats make sport,

But creepe in crannies, when he hides his beames:

If you will iest with me, know my aspect,

And fashion your demeanor to my lookes,

Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

S.Dro. Sconce call you it? so you would leaue batter-

ring, I had rather haue it a head, and you vse these blows

long, I must get a sconce for my head, and Inconce it

to, or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders, but I pray

sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. Dost thou not know?

S.Dro. Nothing sir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. Shall I tell you why?

S.Dro. I sir, and wherefore; for they say, euery why

hath a wherefore.

Ant. Why first for flowing me, and then wherefore,

for vrging it the second time to me.

S.Dro. Was there euer anie man thus beaten out of

season, when in the why and the wherefore, is neither

time nor reason. Well sir, I thanke you.

Ant. Thanke me sir, for what?

S.Dro. Marry sir, for this something that you gaue me

for nothing.

Ant. He make you amends next, to giue you nothing

for something. But say sir, is it dinner time?

S.Dro. No sir, I thinke the meat wants that I haue.

Ant. In good time sir: what's that?

S.Dro. Basting.

Ant. Well sir, then 'twill be drie.

S.Dro. If it be sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. Your reason?

S.Dro. Left it make you chollericke, and purchase me

another drie basting.

Ant. Well sir, learne to iest in good time, there's a

time for all things.

S.Dro. I durst haue denied that before you were so

chollericke.

Ant. By what rule sir?

S.Dro. Marry sir, by a rule as plaine as the plaine bald

pate of Father time himselfe.

Ant. Let's heare it.

S.Dro. There's no time for a man to recouer his haire

that growes bald by nature.

Ant. May he not doe it by fine and recouerie?

S.Dro. Yes, to pay a fine for a perewig, and recouer

the lost haire of another man.

Ant. Why, is Time such a niggard of haire, being (as

it is) so plentifull an excrement?

S.Dro. Because it is a blessing that hee bestowes on

beasts, and what he hath scanted them in haire, hee hath

giuen them in wit.

Ant. Why, but theres manie a man hath more haire

then wit.

S.Dro. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose

his haire.

Ant. Why thou didst conclude hairy men plain de-

lers without wit.

S.Dro. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost; yet he loo-

seth it in a kinde of iollitie.

Ant. For what reason.

S.Dro. For two, and sound ones to.

Ant. No.

Ant. Nay, not sound I pray you.

S.Dro. Sure ones then.

Ant. Nay, not sure in a thing falling.

S.Dro. Certaine ones then.

Ant. Name them.

S.Dro. The one to saue the money that he spends in

trying: the other, that at dinner they should not drop in

his porrage.

Ant. You would all this time haue prou'd, here is no

time for all things.

S.Dro. Marry and did sir: namely, in no time to re-

couer haire lost by Nature.

Ant. But your reason was not substantiall, why there

is no time to recouer.

S.Dro. Thus I mend it: Time himselfe is bald, and

therefore to the worlds end, will haue bald followers.

Ant. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion: but soft,

who waits vs yonder.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adri. I, I, *Antipholus*, looke strange and frowne,

Some other Mistresse hath thy sweet aspects:

I am not *Adriana*, nor thy wife.

The time was once, when thou yn-vrg'd wouldst vow,

That neuer words were musick to thine eare,

That neuer obiect pleasing in thine eye,

That neuer touch well welcome to thy hand,

That neuer meat sweet-sauour'd in thy taste,

Vnlesse I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or car'd to thee.

How comes it now, my Husband, oh how comes it,

That thou art then estranged from thy selfe?

Thy selfe I call it, being strange to me:

That vniuidable Incorporate

Am better then thy decre selfes better part.

Ah doe not teare away thy selfe from me;

For know my loue: as easie maist thou fall

A drop of water in the breaking gulfes,

And take vnmingled thence that drop againe

Without addition or diminishing,

As take from me thy selfe, and not me too.

How deerely would it touch thee to the quicke,

Shouldst thou but heare I were licentious?

And that this body consecrate to thee,

By Ruffian Lust should be contaminate?

Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurne at me,

And hurle the name of husband in my face,

And teare the stain'd skin of my Harlot brow,

And from my false hand cut the wedding ring,

And breake it with a deepe-diurcing vow?

I know thou canst, and therefore see thou doe it.

I am posselt with an adulterate blot,

My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:

For if we two be one, and thou play false,

I doe digest the poison of thy flesh,

Being strumpeted by thy contagion:

Keepe then faire league and truce with thy true bed,

I liue distain'd, thou vndishonoured.

Antip. Plead you to me faire dame? I know you not:

In *Ephesus* I am but two houres old,

As strange vnto your towne, as to your talke,

Who euery word by all my wit being scan'd,

Wants wit in all, one word to vnderstand.

Luci. Fie brother, how the world is chang'd with you:

When were you wont to vse my sister thus?

She sent for you by *Dromio* home to dinner.

Ant. By *Dromio*?

Drom. By me.

Adri. By thee, and this thou didst retorne from him.

That he did buffet thee, and in his blowes,

Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. Did you conuerse sir with this gentlewoman?

What is the course and drift of your compact?

S.Dro. I sir? I neuer saw her till this time.

Ant. Villaine thou liest, for euen her verie words,

Didst thou deliuer to me on the Mart.

S.Dro. I neuer spake with her in all my life.

Ant. How can she thus then call vs by our names?

Vnlesse it be by inspiration.

Adri. How ill agrees it with your grauitie,

To counterfeit thus grossely with your slauē,

Abetting him to thwart me in my moode;

Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,

But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.

Come I will fasten on this sleue of thine:

Thou art an Elme my husband, I a Vine:

Whose weaknesse married to thy stranger state,

Makes me with thy strength to communicate:

If ought possesse thee from me, it is droffe,

Vsurping Iuie, Brier, or idle Mosse,

Who all for want of pruning, with intrusion,

Infect thy sap, and liue on thy confusion.

Ant. To mee thee speakes, thee moues mee for her

theame;

What, was I married to her in my dreame?

Or sleepe I now, and thinke I heare all this?

What error driues our eies and eares amisse?

Vntill I know this sure vncertaintie,

He entertaine the free'd fallacie.

Luc. *Dromio*, goe bid the seruants spred for dinner.

S.Dro. Oh for my beads, I crosse me for a sinner.

This is the Fairie land, oh spight of spights,

We talke with Goblins, Owles and Sprights;

If we obey them not, this will insue:

They'll sucke our breath, or pinch vs blacke and blew.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thy selfe, and answer'st not?

Dromio, thou *Dromio*, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot.

S.Dro. I am transformed Master, am I not?

Ant. I thinke thou art in minde, and so am I.

S.Dro. Nay Master, both in minde, and in my shape.

Ant. Thou hast thine owne fornic.

S.Dro. No, I am an Ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to ought, 'tis to an Ass.

S.Dro. 'Tis true she rides me, and I long for grasse.

'Tis so, I am an Ass, else it could neuer be,

But I should know her as well as she knowes me.

Adri. Come, come, no longer will I be a foole,

To put the finger in the eie and weepe;

Whil'st man and Master laughs my woes to scorne:

Come sir to dinner, *Dromio* keepe the gate:

Husband Ile dine about with you to day,

And shriue you of a thousand idle pranks:

Sirra, if any aske you for your Master,

Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter:

Come sister, *Dromio* play the Porter well.

Ant. Am I in earth, in heauen, or in hell?

Sleeping or waking, mad or well aduis'd:

Knowne v